

Cobra Breath

Chapter -9-

When I started in music I was focused on being cool. I sought to become a guitar god after my encounter with Jimi Hendrix. But as I began to flower; like a puppy chasing a butterfly, the elusive beat and feeling of pop grew more seductive. How could I catch this elusive butterfly? This led me into "writing". From this magical pursuit I soon became engulfed in poetry and art history. Overtime, my quest evolved into experimentation. The Rock n' Roll of my teens gave way to the birth of "object music" in my mid-20s. Then came the harsh realization of conflict between art and commerce. POW! What hit me hardest was the loss of joy. The paradox was a prison and commerce was the baseline. That was the status in 1978. Suddenly rock had devolved into a state of mind numbing formulas. And its culture of commerce was against my very nature. It was something I instinctively rebelled against. I was no organ grinder's monkey tipping my hat for tips. Fuck that! I had passed through that cycle in Greyship. No more lights, makeup, flashy outfits and props for me. Their "Madison Avenue Model" demanded I quit my day job. Their dream demanded I risk it all for commerce. Go on, grab at the brass ring of fame. Let the record label rip you off. But that was not my inclination. Something inside me pushed in the D.I.Y. direction. I knew deep inside me that my "music was worthless". My music had no commercial value. I had not matured as a songwriter. It would take 10 years of relentless experimentation to rise to that level. So, like many others in the early Cowtown Punk movement I set sail for the land of D.I.Y. (Do It Yourself). But unlike them I knew I totally sucked at songwriting. Jim Shepard, Ron House, Tommy Jay, Ted Lust, Jerry Felty, Mike Rep and T.A. Lafferty was light years ahead of me. I thought, "Best not to make a fool of myself". "Stick with being a sideman and hone my craft for a while". At least I could get some experience in the studio. It seemed like the next logical step. It seemed to make sense. So I doubled my effort in that direction and hope for the best.

In 1978 I saw the seeds of the embryonic Cowtown Punk Movement get planted. When Tommy was hired by the city he expedited my awareness. I began to learn of the London, L.A. and NYC punk scenes. The more he started to hang around the print shop; the more he began to talk to me and sometimes Leah about these punk scenes. She wasn't interested in punk but I was fascinated. However, it wasn't until the "victims of heroin" exploded in my brain that I aggressively began to pursue a different notion of fame. My D.I.Y. (Do It Yourself) notion of fame was based on word of mouth and was devoid of profit. Trying to make a living off music was out of the question. I couldn't quit my day job. I had a family to feed. In the early 1990s I did adopt the notion of "Job Surfing" as a funding source for my songwriting approach. To be honest, in 1978, I had nothing musically that anybody wanted to sell anyway. At least I had a job with benefits and was supporting my family. This new situation was better than doing covers on the roadhouse circuit with Roger Sargent for a bunch of horny, bean eating, stinky farting blue collar workers. Thank you Jesus! I'm truly blessed!

Early on in 1978 Kathy had taken a part time job at night at Capital University. By this time her dad was putting enormous pressure on me to sell my Teac 3340s

deck. Fuck it! After a while I just caved into his bitching. It was a big mistake. I immediately began to suffer. It was like someone had killed my child. So after a month or so, Kathy rebelled and we bought an 8140 Dokorder 4 track reel to reel replacement. I never really understood why her dad hated my music so much? Maybe it was me, I was from flytown; or maybe it was the hippie generation. But the dude was a real piece of Post Traumatic Stress. At least I was too stupid to understand what he was doing. I remember one day at work, after Tommy Jay had met him while helping us move from Bexley to Reynoldsburg; Tom said, *"Why did you let him yell at you like that?"* I didn't even know how to respond. I was dumbfounded. But Tom was right. I should have stood up for myself. But I just avoided the conflict. In those days conflict just paralyzed me.

The more Tommy Jay and I got to know one another it became obvious that we shared the same musical agendas. Leah was really into the disco thing. But I wasn't into the **Saturday Night Fever** riff, nor the **Studio 54** bullshit. And Tommy Jay's stories about CBGB's (Lo-Fi D.I.Y.) aesthetic intrigue me. **Richard Hell** was creating some new and cool art there. One day I learned of a record store on campus. Tom's friend Mike Rep had recently been hired by Magnolias Thunderpussy Records as a store clerk. So one day at lunch we went down to campus to check out the store. When I walked into the record store for the first time a giant tsunami wave of coolness overwhelmed me. Chuck Kubat was milking the NYC punk scene for every penny. He had **Television, The Talking Heads, The Ramones, New York Dolls, Roxy Music, Eno, Patty Smith** and many other classic punk records on the shelf. That's when the Gods smiled. I could see a bright light at the end of the tunnel. Here was a my new *"Whitey Lunzar Music Scene"* that I'd had been struggling to find. The record store was the goto artist hangout that I had been unconsciously aspiring towards. Places like the String Shop on campus catered only to working bar musician types. I had passed through that cycle and it wasn't a good fit for me now. Whereas, Maggie's catered to **OSU** and **CCAD** (Columbus College of Art and Design) art school types. The store was a perfect fit in which to evolve. It focused on the emerging punk scene. There was so much I needed to learn about my musical craft and here was the perfect place to learn.

But when I got home Kathy informed me that we had a court hearing". BOOM! Vickie had been advised by Gale King (her lawyer) to request a child support increase. Gale King was married. His wife had been a widow who was 20 years his senior. No big deal. It was my understanding that she was wealthy. Good for her. However, she was dying from cancer. That is when I found out King was having an affair with my X-wife. Vickie was his client. I didn't think lawyers were allowed to do that? But I guessed it added to the GDP. Later I found out it is very common. *"Bufu will make a blindman buy a color TV Set"*. As far as I know, at the time, King didn't have any children. My guest is Vickie was a repeat performance. It is doubtful that he was getting much bufu from his dying wife. Let's face it, logic can be brutal. I am not sure if he handled the dying wife's estate or not. But I do know the King was a

successful divorce lawyer. So maybe it was time for a spousal update? Things do change. I should have written a country and western song about it all. *"She fucked her lawyer, now He is fucking me"*! To me the deal looked like "unlimited bufu" for King in exchange for free legal services for Vicki McNich. All of it tax free! I marked it down to job growth. But I am still not sure of their relationship status. I really did not care that he was sleeping with Vicky on the side. Good luck. Let me know how that works out for you Bubba. Over time however, I did notice a great increase in Vicky hubris towards me. But by 1988 they were legally married and had two kids together. So I guess King must have loved her. As an employee of the city I only had to pay 20% of my legal service. This put the legal contest on almost equal footing. The City Legal insurance paid the rest. And by this point, due to the legal conflict Kathy had put me on tight rations. All of this enraged Kathy. She was out for blood and swore revenge. No whoopee for Squidly. I didn't know how to handle her. So I just avoided it as best I could. I focused on the paycheck and tried to record some songs whenever I had some free time.

By february of 1978 I had recorded 8 new songs but all of it was dog shit. I was just about to call it quits when my old friend Jim Jenkins rang and wanted to get a studio sessions going. I called that project "Annuity Cceptis" and it yielded to two interesting songs: *"Long Distance Runner"* which I wrote. It became a self fulfilling prophecy a few years later when I took up jogging. The other was a Jim Jenkins/NS tune called *"Money, Money, Money"*. Both of us had wives at that point and had given up on the rich and famous rock star dream of our Beatlized 6th Grade fantasy. Neither of us wanted any one telling us what to create in exchange for employment. Jim Jenkins was the real deal as a songwriter at that point. He had mastered the Pop form but was disgusted with the airwaves clone-age of the MOR format. Me, well I was just stumbling about in the dark trying to feel my way by ducking sucker punches. I focus on just passing through and taking notes on things I liked. At least I had the good sense not to approach any record company my songs.

The print shop was located at 1260 East Broad Street Columbus Ohio. Leah and me sort of had a family life there. She ran the shop but I did most of the printing and layout work. She like doing bindery work, filing, ordering and fulfilment. That way I could keep the press rolling. She ran the shop like a homemaker and was a joy to be around. But the guy she was dating didn't treat her right. He was a player. It was clear to me that didn't want to commit to her. This really hurt her but I stayed out of it. I didn't want to go there because it would do a lot of damage to our families and co-workers. Leah and I kept all the lust on the downlow and just went our separate ways. Beside, Kathy had just announced that she was with another child. Leah was very happy for me. But I could tell she was not happy about the way her boyfriend just up and moved to Las Vegas. At first she thought she would move out there to be with him. But he told her to stay put until he got settled. But after a few months of pining away she drove out to Las Vegas to visit him "unannounced". But he made her stay in a hotel. That is when he dropped the bomb. He had been seeing another

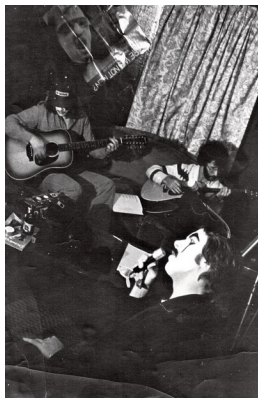
girl. Him and Leah; well they were done. Poor Leah was heart broken. There was nothing I could do or say. That's when her epileptic seizures started kicked in. After that whenever she got stressed out about things she would have an epileptic fit. It scared the holy shit out of me. There was nothing I could do to help her.

By March of 1978 things had settled down in the print shop. Mr Jones had developed a pretty interesting routine. Tommy Jay would "party till 5 am" in the morning then get to work just in the nick of time, by 8 am. The shop was cut off from the other offices in the building and was surrounded by storage rooms. That is where our department chairs, file cabinets and desks were kept in inventory. Tom's job was to keep track of this massive inventory when he wasn't pill-ed or liquored up! Everything had to be tagged and logged. They tried to give me the job but I had the print shop to deal with. So Bill Crockett passed the gig on to Tom. Big Fucking mistake for the city. Great news for Mr. Jones! Tom would give me the door keys and ask me to King Tut his ass! He had built a bed which was hidden behind a mountain of furniture. If you didn't know how to get back there you would never find it. Tom used to say to me, *"Squid I need some sleep. Can you lock in?"* Sometimes our boss Bill Crockett would come snooping for Tom. But Jonesy was more slippery than a catfish! The boss would try the doors but find them all locked. He asked if I had seen Tom and I'd always give him some cockamamie bullshit that enhanced Tom's value as a model employee. It was *"tales of bravery and valour beyond the skills of mortal men"* type bullshit. Once the boss split I'd go and wake the slumbering & bewildered Jonesy-boy up. He in turn would then skedaddle ass down the boss. No doubt with his tale of pain and woe about the rigours of inventory. After about a year they made Tom use a Beeper. But with the cunning of a fox "Saint Thomas" just slept with his beeper on. This just increased the slack factor for wiley Mr. Jones. Problem solved! Punk rules! To this day no one ever figured it out. Hell, after a while I even took a few naps too. Leah kept our secret.

As fate would have it, Tom invited me out to hear his new band **"The True Believers"** at his Grove City loft. Suddenly I experienced a massive explosion of supersonic sound bursting my eardrums. As I sat I saw the walls shaking. I was in the middle of an earthquake. I witnessed spent beer cans dancing around on a coffee table like a Russian Ballerina. It was raw and unprofessional. And it was my first exposure to punk. I had heard from Chuck Kubat at the record store about the **Screaming Urge** and **the Blades** but that was only in theory. Here was the guy I worked with showing me the reality of this new movement. It was the opposite of everything I had learned in **Greyship**. No props, lighting effects, skits, costumes, flash paper, make-up, roadies or legal contracts. It was cool as hell. At the time there were no venues for punk in Columbus Ohio. No one would book you. The bars only booked top 40 union bands. I knew the **True Believers** were into something that had never been done before. Later on Tommy Jay had somehow secured an Xmas office party gig with Linda Heuring, our department public information officer. He had asked me to do a live recording of their show. So I showed up with my

Lafayette 2 Track cassette recorder only to find that all three of them were bouncing off the walls "tripping". Back during **Greyship** John and Lynn would give me hell if I drank or did speed during our shows. So this was very unexpected. I believe Tom still has the recording of that show. That spring of 1979 they played a major show at the OSU oval; my old stomping grounds.

Another was the show where **Mike Rep** smashed his guitar on stage and then the next day placed it in the store's display window for all of campus to view. That may have been before Chuck put speakers outside the store. After that Tom and I made it a point to visit the store at lunch time. Chuck would let us smoke dope in the basement with himself, Ron and Rep. He just locked the door and off we would go. One day at lunch Chuck showed me his new servo-generator. *Holy Shit What The Fuck Is That Chuck?* The next thing I knew Tom, Ron, Mike and Chuck formed a band called the "Twisted Shouts' ". I am not sure how many players pass through that band? But in the beginning I believe it was just those four. I think that Tommy Jay still has some recordings in his tape vaults of their shows. Ron had just written "Chuck Berry Orphan " and I remember being in the basement of the store as Ron, Chuck, Rep and Tommy Recorded the set. This is when I met **Cris the Anarchist**. He was one of Tommy's new friends who sold pot and acid. Later on he became the parking lot attendant for **Crazy Mama's**. **Cris the Anarchist** was part of the Columbus Yippie movement. I remember the dust up when one of his crew threw a cream pie at the governor years later. The event was heaven for Columbus Free Press but the Ohio Republican party was out for fucking blood. Not much has changed since then.



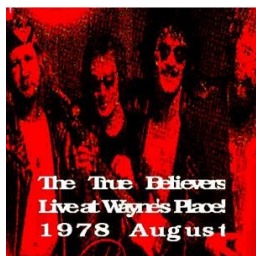
One Day on the job Tommy told me he got an apartment on West Duncan street. It was not far from where Vicki and I had our 1st apartment together. Once he was settled in, Tom officially introduced me to Ron House. Ron had been at the record store clerk and was working alongside Mike Rep. Other friends that hung around Tom's apartment were **T.A. (Freight Train) Lafferty, Johnny (Mighty Whitey) Furance, Ted and Carla Lust and The General Robert E. Lee (Tom's Brother)**. Sometimes after work I would stop over, get high and jam. All I remember was the tremendous amount of weed on the coffee table and the huge pile of spent beer cans overflowing from the trash. At that time the only thing holding Tommy back from a round the clock party was his day job.

Around May of 1978 Rep and Tom asked me to join the True Believer as lead guitar. Like **Richard Hell and the Voidoids** in 1976, Rep had cast me in the role of **Robert Quine**. The fact was they needed a lead guitarist. I was up for it. So once I lied to Kathy by pledging that we would make tons of money I joined the True Believer rehearsals in the basement of Mike Rep Neil Avenue apartment. At first the

band wanted me to handle the money but that was a pipe dream because the only place we could play was upstairs in the store on Friday nights. And that was for free. Chuck had taken to putting on showcases in his Magnolia Thunderpussy Records store in hopes of creating some interest. That summer I would see The Screaming Urge, Vertical Slit, and The Highly-Evolved Cosmic Beings along with a number of others performing acts. Also that summer I met **Charles Wince** the painter and **Tim Anstaett** the promoter/journalist. Both seem to be always hanging out in the store. Unfortunately, all of us were up against a capitalistic system run by the weapons, nuclear and fossil fuel industry; and which was managed in turn by the Fed Banking System (privately owned). It was really them who controlled the art and entertainment culture we all sought entry into. We fought hard to prove the commerciality of punk to the local business establishment. Yea, none of the Magnolia Thunderpussy Records trendsetters at the time could see through the glamor of the Art (vs) Commerce paradox. It was the local business establishment system who had the resources. They were the gatekeepers. And all the naive cowtown artists wanted in.

Thus, the "cultural politics" created clicks of "taste makers" who had no idea, for the most part, that the "artistic freedom" they sought in punk had become a "commodity". In the **second issue** of the **Tet Offense** Tim Anstaett became painfully aware of the paradox of art (vs) commerce when on **page 5** he states; "but something happened in another town at another club that shall remain nameless (unless you ask me) that changed my whole perspective on things. What I suddenly realized was that these bands are all victims, and that I, as the promoter, am also often the victim of the whole stupid system. I shouldn't blast the bands; I should instead feel sorry for them. They are taken advantage of in so many ways by so many people who can only think of **what they themselves want**, and I guess there's nothing I can do about it. Hell is

knowing that you'll never find what you're looking for, so it's a tough thing to face, but what can I do?"



After rehearsing from May through July of 1978 with no money coming in from the True Believers, and no hope of getting any gigs my father in law started razing total hell. Then a miracle happened. Mike Rep had got this 'westside bottoms bar' in Columbus to book us on **Aug the 8th 1978**. The place was called **Wayne's Place**. I heard it was a stone cold redneck situation. I heard that brawls often broke out between the drunken hillbillies patrons! To me it was like when **Richard Hell** convinced **CBGB's** to try out punk. Old Mike Repski was storming the gates like Richard Hell had done at CBGB's. The small but growing click of art students and punks took notice. The True Believers had started out at Tommy Jay's Grove City loft but when I joined we left Rep's Neil Avenue apartment for the record store

basement. My father in law wanted me to quit the band and get another part time printing gig. Eventually he succeeded but not until The **True Believers** had finished the Wayne's Place shows, the first of which **Charlie Miller** and **Jim Shepard** recorded. Also Jim shot photos of the band playing pool. I remember **Zero Watt's** coming up and shaking my hand after the show. In fact, Wayne's Place happened before **Mike Ravage** booked his **1st NoWhere** show on **Nov 3rd 1978** at the 16th Ave Methodist Community Center. As far as I know the **Blades** only played outdoors on High Street before the **Lou Reed** Show. Neither they nor the **Screaming Urge** had played any bars at that time. So that makes Mike Rep the 1st punk to play a commercial venue in Columbus Ohio. Due to popular demand, **The True Believers**

did a follow up show at Wayne's on **Sept the 8th** with **Carla Lust** in the band. After that I was finally forced by my father-in-law to leave for the first time. Anyway the **Aug the 8th 1978** show has been posted on the net for anybody who is interested.



Shortly after leaving **the True Believers** Stick Hoffman called and invited me to a gig at some party house in grandview. He had hooked up with "Steve Rowe" who was studying for the bar and they were doing straight ahead rock and roll. When I got to the gig I was surprised to find about 100 westsiders drinking hard. I found out a little later that the crowd was composed of two rival teenage factions from West High School. After the 1st set me and Stick went to the boy's room. As I opened the door a thick smoky London fog of weed came blasting out. Once inside, Stick started to tell me about this hot guitarist named "**Frank Harrison**". Stick said that I should check him out. "*You two have the same style*". A few years later I did see Frank Harrison at some pub in Grandview. He was the only player I ever saw do "**Hendrix** " and "**The Who**" note for note. By the time "Sticky-poo" had started his 2rd set a fist fight broke out on the dance floor. It was over some chick I think? But things quickly escalated. By the end of the 2rd set about 50 kids were throwing hard and fast punches around. WTF? Beam me up Snotty! I got out of the way and the boys took it out onto the parking lot. Out there it was a war zone.

Blood and glass were everywhere. Beer bottles and clubs littered the lot. Then Stick stopped the show and tried to reason with both sides. He reminded me of Mick Jagger at Altamont. But it just kept escalating. After about 5 minutes of Stick rapping his asshole off it had evolved into a full blown war. Doors were being ripped from the hinges and tossed as weapons between the two groups of fighters. (*This was before the introduction of guns in Columbus in the mid-1980s.*) Then the windows of the venue got smashed and more clubs and knives came out. People were getting seriously hurt. Then about 5 cops pulled up and started to make arrests. Most of the kids were hurting from their wounds. Stick grabbed hold of me and told me to "*get the fuck out of dodge*". So I beat my feet to the parking lot. I split just as the cops were setting up roadblocks. The next day Stick called and gave me the 411. He didn't get busted but most of his friends did. The band was banned

from ever playing there again. I am not sure if this made the papers but it was a gig I'll never forget.

In late August of 1978 Jim Jenkins and I began our **"Boo"** sessions. I had left the True Believers and didn't have any music going on at that point. "Boo" yielded four tunes of interest: *"Hold On Baby "* by me and featured Jenkins on lead. Two Jim Jenkins songs; *"Losing Out Love"* and *"Road of Tears' "*. And finally; *"Thank You"* a Jenkins/Squidfish composition. There was talk of bringing Danny White into the sessions but White had allied himself to Vickie and Gale King and it was just too uncomfortable. Especially, when he invited us to a party and forgot to inform us that Vickie and King would be attending. I'm not so sure if it was an honest mistake, or if he had other motives. A heads up would have been appropriate I think. At the time there was a court hearing scheduled between us. Once Kathy and I discovered that they were at the party we promptly left. I remember Danny laughing about it as he escorted us to the door. I don't hold any bad feelings towards White. Basically, he is a good guy, but he has flaws just like everyone else. In life I was beginning to understand the notion of *"Water Down The Drain "*. Things happen for a reason so you had better learn how to detach from the flaws of others. Negative interactions will drag you down to hell. It's not worth it. However, it did teach me how to stay in control of my emotions in unpleasant situations. And this lesson has repeated itself many times over the course of my life. So Dan, if you're reading this thanks for the lesson.

On the drive home from work (September 2nd of 1978) the radio announced that **Keith Moon** of **The Who** had died. I was gobsmacked. This one hurt. I know he wasn't as good of a drummer as **Ginger Baker** of the **Cream** but he was oreny and much more flasher. **Moon** and **Charlie Watts** (the Rolling Stones) were the kind of drummers that I headed towards early on in my career. My very first drummer *Frank Baker* was a combination of both. He was my personal gold standard. Frank and I should have had a lifetime together in the music business but he was fated to die before he reached 16 from a sudden brain hemorrhage. So, I was forced to travel this road alone. Funny how things work out. As I pulled into the driveway at Pleasant Ridge they played **"Who Are You"** and I knew that one day my number would be up. Little did I know that 20 years hence **Jim Shepard**, **Arlus Stitch** and **Kevyn Kasuality** would be knocking on heaven's door.

Shortly after **Moon's** death the **1st Nowhere Show** occurred on **November 3rd 1978**. This was quickly followed by the birth of my beautiful son *David John Martin* on November 6th 1978. How in the hell I had managed to bring him into this world was beyond me? It was overwhelming. The old cycle of rock was over and the new cycle of punk had begun. My life had just changed directions. This is when I had the epiphany that punk and family life could only mix with a high degree of agitation. With a new baby I just couldn't afford to invest in a punk band. The baby needed new shoes. So I was back to working two jobs and had little time for music. With his

birth Kathy's folks decided that we should buy a house. Oh Boy here we go again! I got no say in the matter but it did seem like a good Idea. And money was becoming tight. I couldn't even afford guitar strings at that point. Lucky for me that I had built up my equipment studio before the kids were born. After that it was all about keeping the family solvent. I think Tom and Mike understood why I had to leave the band at that point. They were both gracious about it. With me working two printing gigs and Kathy working part time at Capital University I wondered how the hell I could afford a house? We could barely afford the down payment. We needed a few years to build up our savings. Then all of a sudden Kathy's dad volunteered to loan me the \$7000 dollar down payment on the condition I pay him back. Which I did when we sold the Reynoldsburg house during our 1981 divorce. But it would take a few months before we were ready to start looking to buy.

Late November of 1978 Stik invited me to a Jam session he was having in his Grandview basement. He asked me to record the Jam session. I think I may have had a Saturday off from my 2nd job so I agreed. The musicians included: *Tony Jackson* (TJ) on Drums, *Stik Hoffman* on Bass, *Sammy Demarieo* on Drums and *me* on guitar. Sammy had been a friend from north high school. We all used to hang out at **WCOL's Beef and Cattle Battle of the band shows** back in the day. So we recorded three versions of a jazz-fusion instrumental that Stik had penned. In the middle of the song Sam would turn the kit over to TJ and he would finish. I still have the Reel to Reel ¼ inch tape which is numbered #21. I think Stik was fishing to form a group but at the time he and Tony were fighting over rent money. That ended in bad feelings between the two. For me, I wasn't in a position to do anything at that point. So the jazz thing never took off. However, I was pleased with the recording. Doubtful we could have made any money off a Jazz-Fusion group tho. Looking back, both Sammy and Tony were power drummers in the Tommy Jay tradition. And I always do my best work with a drummer who knows how to ruthlessly beat the shit out of the kit. The first time I worked with **Sam Brown** I knew he was great because he left a puddle of sawdust on the floor. It was one of the reasons I recommend him to Jim Shepard and Leland Cain.

1978 ended in great expectations for the 20 or 30 people involved in the newly evolving "Cowtown Punk" scene. That Xmas I got a Sony Walkman TPS-L2. Oh Boy! Then Stik and Tommy Jay both started giving me what was to become known as 'mixtapes'. Suddenly a whole world of music opened up for me. Amazingly during my daily routines I was able to listen to 'free music'. If not for them I wouldn't have known anything about my craft. I didn't have a record player. Nor could I afford to buy records. Suddenly the idea came to me about mixing some of my experiments and giving them to Mike and Tom. But their reaction was very dismissive and rightly so. I wasn't creating anything worthy of attention. I had the graphic arts down pat but the writing and recording of music totally sucked. I had advanced light years from the Greyship Days. The glory days of after gig parties with Mr. Tom Apple were gone. I never really knew the guy that well but he always let me use his bedroom.

He would invite Lynn, John and I to his house after our Mr. Brown's gigs. There I would sleep with a girl from the gig. Most of the time, the next morning I was barely able to walk. This was probably due to the fact that I was mixing dexedrine, whiskey and hash together. All of that was long before I was married.



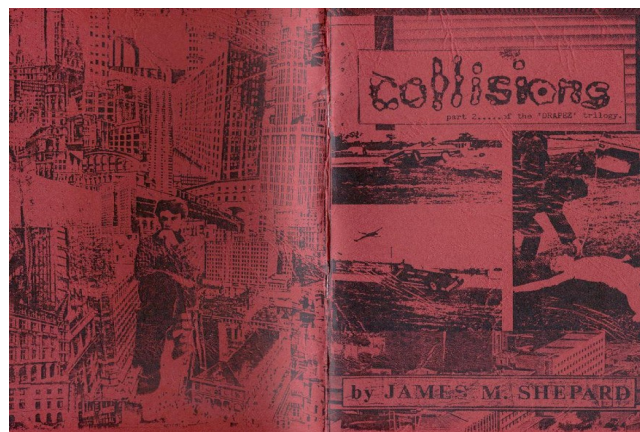
I can't imagine how a cover band could pull that off today? Maybe back then the youth was more artistically desperate? Or maybe back then the high school hippy girls weren't as monetized sexually as they are now? But at the end of the 1978-1979 cycle the OSU campus had totally morphed. I wasn't in the game but I did notice that the new wave girls were much more intelligent about sex than the hippys babes had been. In most cases they weren't as carefree. This new crop of kids

was all about the writing and art. They hate the top 40 radio stations. It was fucking toxic. So punk had taken root on the OSU campus. That's when **Tim Anstaett** began booking bands at Mr. Browns in December of 1979. And with the opening that December of the new wave disco **Crazy Mama's**, Columbus Ohio was primed for a cultural explosion. Not only this but also a growing cult of '**vinyl heads**' had surfaced. To me their psychology appeared to be very mysterious. However, the one thing I've learned from philosophy is that all humans pursue pleasure and avoid pain. This may have been a factor.

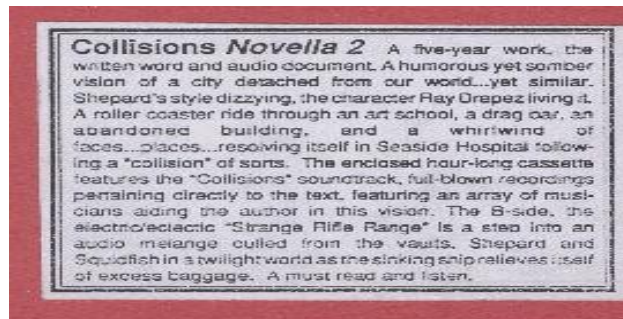
That February of 1979, Jim Jenkins, out of the blue, called me and wanted to line up some session work. At the time Jim was talking about moving out to L.A. It was pretty clear to me he was sick of Ohio. In L.A., like **Stephanie Payne** of **Dark Arts**, Jenkins thought he could break into the music business. Dream on kids! Don't quit your day job! As things finally began to stabilize in my family life I returned to the studio. I called the project Jamin. Reel #22 featured: "*Too Many Times*" (Jim Jenkins/NS), "*Intentions of Desire*" (Jim Jenkins), and my first recording session that February with **Tommy Jay** who wrote a song called "**Cobra Breath**". By this time Jim was trying to patch things up between Dan and I. So, with the court fight settled, I agreed to work with Dan White on his song "*Kachina Bride*". There was even talk of starting the **Elderberry Blossom Tea Band** back up but it fell apart. Besides, in the back of my mind, I wanted to re-join the True Believers which eventually happened in March of 1979 after I bought my house out in Reynoldsburg Ohio that spring.

Shortly after that I did two shows in May and June of 1979 at Orient Developmental Disabilities Home with Mike Rep, Ted Lust, Carla Lust, Cris Brown, General Robert E. Lee, Tom Jay and Freight Train. There is a Black and White video of these shows

with some of the mentally disable dancing about. This is when **Willie Rogers** who later went on to sing the National Anthem for the **Buster Douglas fight** came across my radar. Willie was the real deal singing in a classic hobo style and with a baritone voice so low it would give **Ernest Tubb** goosebumps. He had traveled the rails back during the great depression and there is wonderful footage of him performing somewhere in the vaults. I think the shows came through Jerry Felty and Ted Lust who both worked there at the time.

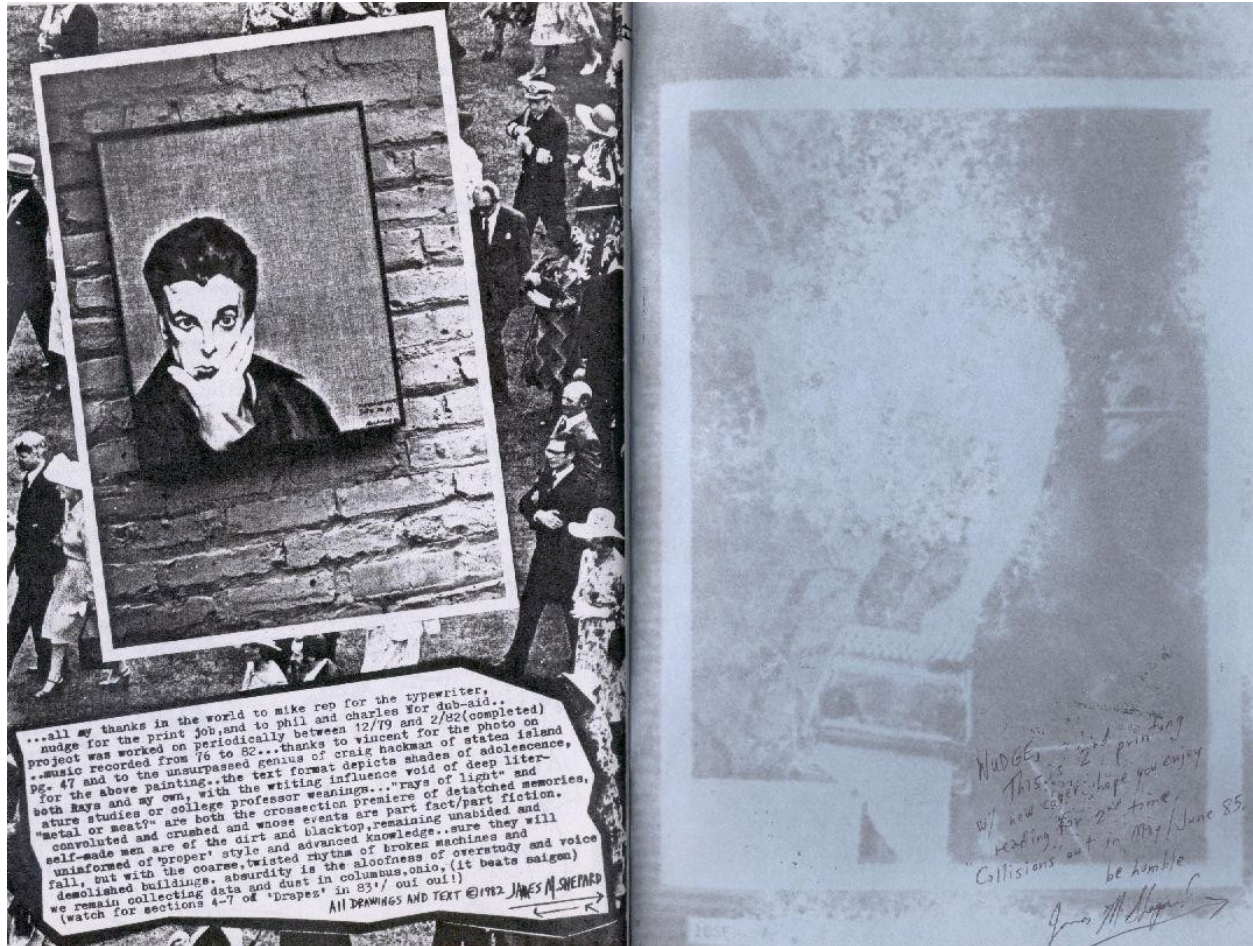


After this I re-joined the True Believers and in late June and it was off to the races again. We did a live recording at **Staches and Little Brother** which featured Carla Lust on vocal/organ, Mike Rep on vocal /guitar, General Robert E. Lee vocal/bass, Me on lead/organ and TommyJay/drums. I can't remember how I was able to convince my wife to let me rejoin the band but somehow I was back in. The songs were, *"I Wanna Be Your Dog"* by Iggy Pop. *"I Couldn't Leave You"* by General Robert E. Lee. and *"Casablanca "* by Tommy Jay. We did a return show at Staches that August. Then I got to work in my print shop and started creating



the 45 jackets for the newly formed **New Age Records** which operated out of Chuck Kubat's store. Projects included: The **JetBoys**, **Vertical Slit**, **Screaming Urge** (the 2nd cover printing for *Homework 45*), and **True Believers**. So with unlimited printing, thanks to the City of Columbus taxpayers, I had a hand in creating a number of flyers and books for the local developing punk scene. A few examples I'm very proud of are Jim Shepard's "**Drapez**" (Volume #1 & #2.) Also "**Collisions**", a work Jim Struggled with for Five Years. A few very rare "**one-off cassettes**" of **Collisions** were published by Jim as a private release. The main 1982 songs from our **Collisions** session at **Tommy's Jay's Barn** being; "**Hospital, Hospital**", "**Union View**" and "**The Voice**". In 1985 Mike Rep, Roxann, Jim, Tommy and Ray performed "**Union View**" live as "**Skull Bank**". Not to mention my **1st 45 "Wedding Vows"**, or the **True Believers 1st 45 cover "Accept It"**. Then came the **2nd 1979 Nowhere Show** which occurred on Saturday Sept 22rd at the Northend Community center on the corner of Northwood and High St. That's when **Arlus Stitch** grabbed my ass and I witnessed the **Blunt Stitches** for the first time in all their splendor. It's also where I saw Jim Shepard perform with **Vertical Slit**. (For more info about these events see my articles: *The Arlus Stitch Story*. And: *My Hands Don't Sleep*.)





The pace was quickening by the time the General announced to the band that he was moving to Florida next Xmas of 1980. Tommy and I were bummed but there was nothing we could do. So it was decided to do a show at the Northend Community Center which at the time served as **The Godz** rehearsal space. There is a video which I believe was shot on 8 mm kodak film of that show but I have no idea where it is. Also, I think Jim Shepard may have recorded the show on cassette. By this point the band was in peak form and I remember this show as very exciting. There were about 40 people who showed up and it was obvious that they felt exactly the way we did about the state of music in Columbus. But after that show, once again I found myself without a band. But I was not alone. Jim Shepard had just released "**Urban Imprint # 3**" and later I heard Jim lost his band **Vertical Silt**. Dan Juranko (bass) and Dave Mikula (drums) had announced they were moving back to Clearwater Florida. So Jim was in the same boat as me. He was trying to raise a kid with Roxanne Newman. And to

make matters worse my marriage was coming apart. This is probably due to my band involvement. So I shifted once again away from doing gigs and focused on a long series of drawn out **“Object Music Sessions”**. Again I was back into working two jobs, experimenting when time permitted, and keeping my ass home.



A few weeks later Tommy and Rep asked to borrow my 4 track reel to reel deck for a recording session which yielded their 1st 45 named **“Accept It”**. I can not be sure but I believe it was the 2nd No Age Record release, right after **“Homework”** by The Screaming Urge. Ron House once wrote, *“Good records sooner or later aren’t judged according to other records but are judged according to life”*. For me **“Accept It”** embodies this notion. That song embodied my life. If we just accept the good and bad experiences that come our way we’ll be happy. After all, like Tommy Jay says; *“it is all in the stars”*. When **Tim Anstaett** announced in March of 1980 he was ending his Mr. Browns bookings most of us thought; “Bummer”! But that April of 1980 he shifted gears and then launched the **Tet Offensive Fanzine**, which as far as I know, was the first underground fanzine on the OSU campus. If there were others before the **TET** I am not aware of any. It was a smart move on Anstaett's part. Press coverage was key to opening more venues to punk. Once again, Chuck Kubat's **Magnolia Thunderpussy** record store served as cultural headquarters for the emerging **New Age Record** label and **Tet Fanzine** markets. Not only this, but around this period **Time Warner's Qube Cable Channel** and **Singing Dog's Records** opened for their doors. Soon other vendors like **Monkey's Retreat**, **Bernie's Bagels**, **Moles** and **the Agora** had jumped on the punk and new wave band wagons. Then on May 1st 1980, **Bruce Nutt** threw his hat into the ring by putting on **Crazy Mama's** 1st show with the **Human Switchboard**. That same month of May also saw **Mr. Brown's** showcase **Kid Koal** and **the La-z Boys**. But the main event in my life was on the 20-21th of June 1980. That is when the Columbus World Theater showcased **Quadrophenia** by **the Who**. This movie became a living metaphor for me. The musical struggle between the old and new became personal. I was living the movie plot conflict by way of top 40 radio resistance to the Punk movement. By this time some venues had opened their doors to us punks. Things had moved away at light speed from our Wayne's Place gigs just 2 years before.

Quadrophenia was followed in September of 1980 by the **True Believers** and **Screaming Urge** performing together for the **New Age Records** release gig at **Magnolia Thunderpussy**. I think an 8mm Film exists for this event also. Keep in

mind that cellphones and camcorders didn't exist at that time. In the 1970s and early 1980s, there was a format war in the home video industry. Two of the standards, VHS and Betamax, received the most media exposure. VHS eventually won the war, dominating 60 percent of the North American market by 1980. The gig was in support of the **"Homework"** and **"Accept It"** 45's. I can not be sure but I think in all there were five New Age Record 45 released: The Screaming Urge, The True Believers, Vertical Slit, Nudge Squidfish, and the Jetsons. By this time I had become reliant on my friends' ears to weed out the chaffe of the 1980s british avalanche of amazing bands. I clearly remember the Urge and True Believers record release show. But I am not sure how the General or I were able to do them. It must have been before The General split town in December of 1980. Not to mention; that same September of 1980 there were performances by **The Jetsons, The Highly Evolved Cosmic Beings, Vertical Slit** and others. But of all the performances I saw **Vertical Slit** stood head and shoulders above the rest. Unfortunately Jim's bassist and drummer were also leaving town. And there may have been rumors of him and **Kurt Tuckerman** joining forces, which they did the following year with **Phantom Limb**. Looking back on that "moment" of time I would say that the cream of **Tim Anstaett's** crop was **Billie Lee Buckeye** and **Ron Koal**. These guys both seem to be more ambitious than the rest. Both seem to want to make a living of their art. But everything was very fluid when it came to headlining the marquee. There is a saying; *"On the latter of fame, the people you shun on your way up, you'll kiss on the way down"*. Headlining is truly an emotional elevator ride. Only one in a billion can sustain it for a lifetime. Looking back on all of it I would say that It's was like polishing the brass on the titanic. Your ego is great when you're headlining. But then you fall from grace and discover who your real friends are. It is a hell of a wake-up call if you ask me. Shepard always used to tell me, *"Squid we come and do our work and then we go"*. And I would add that; *"the rest of it is total bullshit"*. The changing of the guard is never ending. I've seen this cycle repeat my entire life. And for some soul sanctioned reason I'm still in the game? I'm still doing the work. So where was all this "unethical commercialism" taking me? Straight into the arms of occult philosophy. Amen Jesus! But it would take me another six years to get there. "So roll another number for my head"-Ted!

After the record release party Tim Meyers and Stick Hoffman came out to my Reynoldsburg home for a session. Stik had written another jazz-fusion hook and Tim and I traded licks back and forth on sax and guitar. I still have the reel of that session. But things were falling apart with my wife. She regretted choosing the gypsy lifestyle of a musician. It would not be long until Kathy would file for divorce. On the other hand Tommy Jay had met Cris Brown and they were talking about moving in together which happened a few months later. In the meantime there were two object music songs from that period of which I am proud of: *Man-Machine Simulation* and *I'm A Child*. They were outtakes from my **No Name Tapes Project** (Sept 1978 through April 1980). Both tracks were attempts at pop music without using musical instruments. Another interesting fact was Jim Shepard taking

notice of my Song "Incoherent Snot". He even brought his band mate Kurt Tuckerman out to check out my home studio. So did Tommy Jay and Ted Lust who recorded the classic Lust's hits "Nothing New About New Wave", "Roll Another Number For My Head" along with "I Wanna Play Rock n' Roll". It was the first time I had worked with Ted Lust. And 40 years later he is still blowing me away with his songs. But when **John Lennon** was murdered in New York City on **December 8th 1980** I knew the hippy movement was over. I was in shock. The political reign of error had begun and I was trapped. The punks had replaced the hippies as guardians of the new. And I was caught between the hippy movement and the punk ethos. Both were rebelling against the old worn out worthless bullshit of american conservative values. And this cycle would repeat itself again 27 years hence, when I would become involved in the Space Brothers' breeding program. I can say with no doubt that "art" truly does mimic "life". Fire up that Joint Repski!!!!

RECORDED AT FATLOAD BY DERICK PAULS
SEP 1979 THUR APRIL 1980

SIDE 1

- 1.) Vision Seeker / SQUIDFISH
- 2.) MERCY ON MEN / SQUIDFISH
- 3.) AMERICA'S DEAD / PAULS
- 4.) Robot Fighter / PAULS, SQUIDFISH
- 5.) GLADIATOR SANDWICH / SQUIDFISH
- 6.) STAR GUITAR / SQUIDFISH
- 7.) IF I CAN'T MAKE YOU HAPPY / JOHNNY WINTER (COVER)
- 8.) Beep, Beep, I LOVE YOU / PAULS
- 9.) STREET DEPRESSION / PAULS
- 10.) I WANTA PLAY ROCK + ROLL / TED LUST
- 11.) NOTHING NEW ABOUT NEW WAVE / TED LUST

- 1.) KILL THE SQUIDFISH
- 2.) QUADROPHENIC SCHIZOPHRENIC
- 3.) LOVE
- 4.) WHO'S FUNNY?
- 5.) DARVON BLUE
- 6.) PLAY MY GUITAR
- 7.) I DON'T CARE
- 8.) SOME FOLKS
- 9.) GOODNESS GRACEIOUS
- 10.) DROP THE BOMB

Tommy Jay DRUMS ON: NOTHING NEW ABOUT NEW WAVE AND I WANTA PLAY ROCK + ROLL

SIDE 2

- 1.) KILL THE SQUIDFISH / SQUIDFISH
- 2.) QUADROPHENIC SCHIZOPHRENIC MAN / PAULS
- 3.) DARVON BLUE / SQUIDFISH
- 4.) LOVE / PAULS
- 5.) INCOHERENT SNOT / PAULS
- 6.) WHO'S FUNNY / SQUIDFISH
- 7.) PLAY MY GUITAR / PAULS
- 8.) I DON'T CARE!! / PAULS, MARTIN, SQUIDFISH, NOODLES
- 9.) SOME FOLKS / PAULS
- 10.) GOODNESS GRACEIOUS / SQUIDFISH
- 11.) DROP THE BOMB / MARTIN

THANKS TO TOMMY JAY FOR THE USES OF HIS GEAR.
 SQUIDFISH - VOCALS, BASS GUITAR
 PAULS - DRUMS, KEYS, MIX AND MIX DOWN
 NOODLES - ART
 TOMMY JAY - VOCALS, GUITAR, DRUMS
 TED LUST - VOCALS, GUITAR

IT WAS 1980 AND I WAS A PUNK! BUT I ALWAYS WAS A PUNK! LIKE TED LUST SAID "AINT NOTHING NEW ABOUT NEW WAVE" SO WHAT WAS I TRYING TO SAY? TWO THINGS, FIRST, HELP ME, I'M A QUADROPHENIC SCHIZOPHRENIC GLADIATOR SANDWICH!!! AND, THAT THERE IS NO ART, ONLY ART! - ART. SO WHAT THE FUCK AM I TRY TO DO? NOTHING THAT AIN'T BEEN DONE BEFORE. TO HELL WITH LIFE BUT DON'T GET ME WRONG, I DON'T WANT TO DIE, BUT SOMEDAY I WILL! BUT I AIN'T AIN'T LOOKING FOR IT, BUT MAYBE I AM! SO WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF I SPILL MY GUTS ALL OVER YOU, YOU DON'T GIVE A FUCK... DO YOU?? ACCEPT IT SQUIDFISH, YOUR JUST A FOOL IN A FANTASY WORLD CO'S YOU AIN'T GOING NO WHERE. ARE YOU GOING TO LET THEM CHANGE THE WORLD WITHOUT PARTICIPATING? OR ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP ON THINKING?? SO SQUIDFISH, IF YOUR A FOOL HERE ME OUT!! CAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

- 1.) VISION SEEKER
- * 2.) MERCY ON MEN
- * 3.) AMERICA'S DEAD
- * 4.) ROBOT FIGHTER *
- * 5.) GLADIATOR SANDWICH
- 6.) INSTRUMENTAL
- * 7.) STAR-GUITAR *
- 8.) IF I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY (Johnny Winter)
- 9.) Beep Beep (I Love you)
- 10.) STREET DEPRESSION
- 11.) THE BELLEVUE BABY
- 12.) I WANTA PLAY ROCK + ROLL
- * 13.) I WANTA PLAY ROCK + ROLL
- * 14.) NOTHING NEW ABOUT NEW WAVE
- 15.) LITTLE GIRL (T.R.)